

Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

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The Russian press will probably learn before long that it is a choice between "humiliating terms" and humiliating defeats.

The panic may increase in New Orleans to a point where the people will clean up the town. But that dire extremity will be put off as long as possible.

Maybe it is a lucky thing Taft will get there first, because he will be able to nail down whatever is loose in the Philippines before Harriman arrives.

Of course it is to be presumed that Grand Duke Sergius Michaelovitch, newly appointed inspector of artillery for the Russian armies, will not inspect it too closely. Because, some of the measly old guns might go off.

Governor Hoch, Republican, of Kansas, is for Governor Folk, Democrat, of Missouri, for President, and if that does not mean the approach of the political millennium, then Kansas is getting ready to go off at a tangent again.

Colonel Church, if he has a chance to study the Hawaiian militia, will see that the matter of expense is not the only one which induced the Legislature to dispense with it. A non-combatant militia may strike him as it does others, as being dear at any price.

If only one set of Hilo policemen is to be paid, of course there will be but one set after the next pay day. The other lot will be standing around and showering abuse upon the government, for that is the way of the patriot for revenue only. No system is good that profits him nothing.

Well, throwing a bomb at a musician may be anarchy—and it may be something altogether different, and entirely justifiable, particularly if the bomb hits. And so we shall decline to get excited about that incident in Transcaucasia the other day until fuller advices are at hand.

It is said in Oriental papers that the Nicolai I, is not a valuable prize for the Japanese. Her structure is defective, her speed low, her guns old-fashioned and her boilers corroded. Vessels that were so easily knocked apart by Togo may never show up well in a Japanese battle-line though they may have their uses as harbor defense ships.

Ripe fruit that has been well refrigerated before shipment, according to Harold Powell, of the United States Department of Agriculture, will arrive at its destination sound, under ordinary railroad refrigeration, even after being from ten to fifteen days en route. M. R. Sprague of Sacramento, California, says that he has invented a machine by the use of which an iced car filled with hot fruit, which ordinarily retains its heat for three days after shipment, can be thoroughly cooled in a few hours by a stationary apparatus applied to the ice tanks and drip tubes of the car. He says that a carload of peaches, half of which were overripe, was thus cooled at Oleander, Fresno county, on July 1st, and sold at auction in Chicago, on July 10, for \$1132, every box having arrived sound. The meaning of all of which is that fresh fruit can be shipped for long distances, reach its destination in good order, and sell for fair prices. And if this can be done on the mainland, of course it can be done with Hawaiian fruit. There is, in fact, a wise suggestion here for the future of what will be an important industry in these islands. Hawaii should supply the entire region west of the Mississippi with tropical fruits.

SEISMIC TELEGRAPH.

No matter where an earthquake occurs, it sends its own news all over the world almost instantaneously. Wherever there is an observatory equipped with the little instrument called the seismograph the message of disaster, perhaps in the uttermost parts of the earth, is received and recorded. Only such details as the number of lives lost and cities destroyed remain to be reported by other means.

The recent earthquake at Dharmasala, India, was duly registered by the seismograph in the observatory at Gottingen, and a record was also obtained at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. The record began with some very minute tremors about 1 a. m., while the larger waves began about eight minutes later. The maximum disturbance was recorded about 1:30, and was followed by one of almost equal severity a minute and a half later. From that point the tremors were gradually reduced until 4:43 a. m. The difference of time between Edinburgh and Dharmasala is about five hours. Seismograms recording the earthquake were also obtained by Professor Milne, at Shide, Isle of Wight, and at the hydrographic station at Pola.

Professor John Milne may be rightly described as the leader of the new seismology. The new science of earthquake study began its work with the invention of the seismograph, which is an instrument used for analyzing earthquake motion and recording it in conjunction with a time scale. By means of these instruments it became possible to inaugurate an entirely new series of investigations of the nature of earthquakes, and ultimately to create a new branch of science.

Professor Milne was not the first designer of the seismograph. The honor of its first design is due, perhaps, to Professor Ewing, of the Universities of Tokio and Cambridge; but in the new line of research a leader was necessary—one who was well versed in physical science, having a high faculty of initiative, and willing to make the study a life work. Such a leader was found in John Milne.

In the earliest stages of the new science, when it was furnishing more questions than answers, he had the field mostly to himself; but when the results began to appear and multiply, chiefly through his patience and industry, new workers entered the field. At present they are numerous, and Japan, Germany, Austria and Italy, as well as the United States and England, have many learned investigators.

The earliest form of seismoscope was, of course, one which signalled a tremor in the ground; but in order to gain a more instructive idea of the movement we need an instrument which will trace the whole motion automatically from the beginning of the quake to the end, showing at every instant the direction, the amplitude, and the frequency or periods of the vibrations. Such an instrument is called a "seismograph."

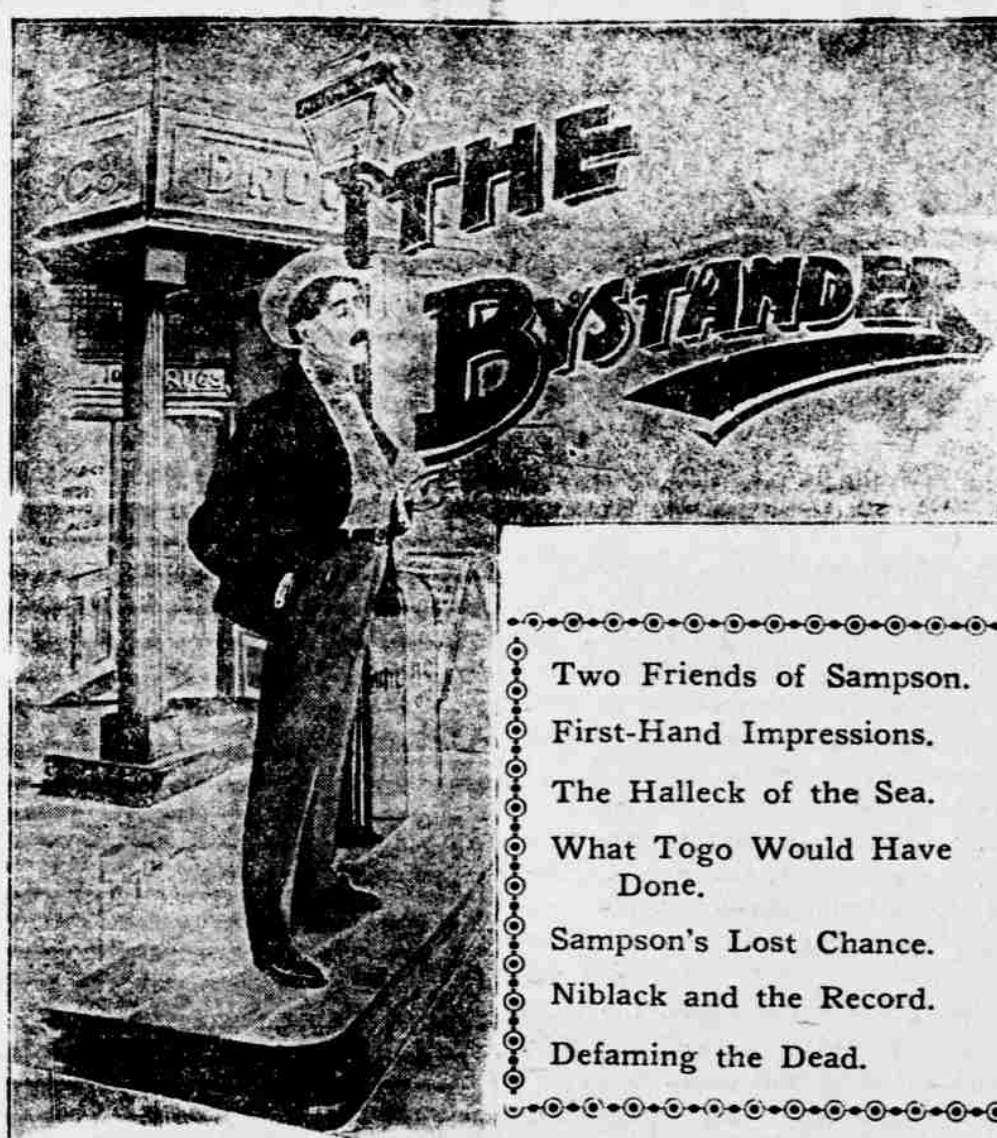
There is an intermediate class of instruments which give continuous records of the movements of the ground, and also show the directions and amplitudes, but do not unravel the various complicated motion. These are called seismometers. A seismograph is a far more complex instrument. Its first problem was, and is, to devise a "steady point"—that is to say, a mass which shall always remain at rest, while everything around it and even the support that upholds it is in a constant state of vibratory motion.

To attain it is far from easy; but, if it can be attained, then we can imagine a plate attached to it with a prepared surface capable of receiving and recording the movements of a pencil or point. And we can imagine a tracing pencil attached to supports which vibrate with the earth, and the other end resting lightly on the smoked (or surfaced) plate. Or we can imagine the thing reversed, and the tracing point attached to our unmoving, unmovable mass, and the smoked plate attached to the supports that vibrate with the earth.

In either case the movements of the earth will cause a traced line to be drawn on the plate, showing the motion of the earth, and the support, relative to the "steady point." In this way, though this is but a rough sketch of the theory of a very ingenious instrument, with many complexities and improvements for magnifying the extent of the motion, or rectifying the direction of the moving point, earthquakes are measured; and this is the principle of the beautiful "seismograph," which Milne and Ewing and Gray have perfected.

Professor Milne has mapped out the earthquake centres of origin of the world into eighteen great districts; and he regards the great earthquake of Northern India as having had its origin in the nearest of these great districts, the Himalayan seismic eclipse.

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Two Friends of Sampson.
First-Hand Impressions.
The Halleck of the Sea.
What Togo Would Have Done.
Sampson's Lost Chance.
Niblack and the Record.
Defaming the Dead.

I see that I scared up two of the late Admiral Sampson's friends last week and am surprised that he left so many as that in one small town. Mr. W. B. Castle writes, it seems, as a friend of long standing "and in searching through his scried for some keynote to his object in putting the fact in print, I am strongly impressed with the belief" that he likes to appear in such company. Well, there is no accounting for tastes. Mr. Castle withholds the privilege of having known Sampson from me—I wish warrantably—and ventures the opinion that I am a malicious person vexed and prejudiced because Sampson rose so high above a lowly origin. The character of that analysis, the mollusk-like penetration it reveals, will commend me to Mr. Castle whenever I need a clairvoyant to expose and can find him disengaged.

Besides Mr. Castle, Mr. Niblack of the Navy, rushes into the fight and with somewhat more celerity it may be said than Sampson showed at Santiago. Mr. Niblack writes, I should say, from the anti-Schley standpoint. His opinion of Sampson is that of a partisan who hates the candidate on the other side as much as he loves his own. Of me, in my guise of "detractor," he ventures the opinion that I am one of those pestiferous newspaper men who tried to pump important secrets out of the ice-bound cisterns of Admiral Sampson's mind and got frapped for my pains. But how well it is to guess from facts rather than fancies. It happens that I never tried, even when dressed in furs, to interview Sampson, but that while getting naval instruction from him on the cruiser San Francisco I formed first-hand impressions of the man which I have seen confirmed in print an hundred times since that day when the battle of Santiago threw his snobbishness, his littleness and his want of chivalry into bold relief before the country. He was measured in the days that followed by Congress, which refused to make him a vice admiral; by the press, which covered him with satire; by the strongest minds in the naval service, which resented his treatment of Schley; and by his countrymen who looked upon him with cold disfavor and do so yet. There are no monuments erected by the public to this naval "hero" and there probably never will be.

It was my fortune to see Captain Sampson in a number of situations which brought out his inner qualities. On his ship a man could approach Admiral Brown with a professional question and get a clear and genial answer. If he approached Captain Sampson he got a reply with a barb in it. When civilian committees came aboard the San Francisco to invite the captain and his officers to some entertainment he received them in his cabin standing, did not invite them to be seated and responded with cool discourtesy. Few officers of lesser rank than he cared to come in contact with him, and the same, indeed, might be said of officers of higher rank. Sampson stood alone like an iceberg in the sea and was avoided like one.

Now as to his professional standing. I did not touch perceptibly upon that last week and I am willing to concede that the Admiral was a good student of naval science in the sense that Halleck of civil war fame was a good student—perhaps the best on the northern side—of military science. But as an American of some observation in sea-fighting I am heartily ashamed of the record Admiral Sampson made for the navy in West Indian waters as compared to the record made by two successive Japanese admirals under precisely similar conditions—not to speak of the record of that iron commander under the Stars and Stripes who said: "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"

Let us see what Admiral Ito would have done had he been in Sampson's place in 1898. In the first place he would have kept watch of Cervera's fleet from the moment it left the Mediterranean until it left Curacao on the last lap of its course. There would have been no aimless wandering back and forth in West Indian waters inquiring of every passing smack where Cervera was. Instead of a beggarly few scout ships there would have been a fleet of them if every swift private yacht and ocean liner under the flag had to be impressed. And when the enemy's squadron had been bottled up in Santiago Ito would have sent in his torpedo boats as he twice did at Wei-hai-Wei and sunk the Spanish cruisers or crippled them beyond repair. But what did Sampson do? He blockaded the port and waited. Mr. Niblack thinks that was a great feat, but even a Chinese admiral can line up a lot of ships outside a port as well as Sampson did and bid them steam in prescribed courses and keep watch.

Now what would Togo have done in Sampson's place? He would also have kept in touch with Cervera's ships and, no doubt, met them on their way as he did Rojstvensky's; but if the scouting had failed and the lack of a wireless telegraph had enabled the dons to make port, we may well believe that Togo would have kept them there until the investing army or his torpedo boats had sunk them. Instead of sending one merchant steamer to be sunk in Santiago's narrow channel as Sampson did he would have sent twenty and had the dons at his mercy. They never would have had a chance to get away from that little harbor. And all the while Togo would have been at his post. If a general wanted to consult him he would have had to come aboard.

Finally either Admiral Ito or Admiral Togo would have taught his men to shoot. Two per cent of hits was a contemptible record for Sampson's fleet—98 shots wasted on a clear day and at a small distance and without destructive missiles doing deadly work on the American ships—98 shots wasted out of every hundred fired.

There was a time after Cervera's fleet had been beaten when Sampson might have made himself the most popular man in the country. He was not in the battle; he was far away at the time; the commander next in rank automatically succeeded him in his absence and would have been held accountable if the battle had gone wrong. When Sampson came back and found Cervera whipped, did he send congratulations or thanks to the other admiral? Far from it. When Schley signalled, "We have won a glorious victory," Sampson, eaten deep with envy, the prey of jealousy and disappointment, curtly signalled, "Report your losses." And then, what did this ignoble captain do but wire the Navy Department that "the fleet under My Command" had triumphed over Cervera—never a word for Schley or the captains, only "I did it." Happily the correspondents had been heard from first and when the country read Sampson's official dispatch the roar of contempt and derision which went up even pierced the chilled-steel armor of his vanity.

It may be urged that the victory at Santiago was Sampson's because he was the commander-in-chief and that his ships attacked the enemy when he appeared as he had told them to do in orders issued long before. As well say that Sherman's march to the sea was Grant's because it was part of the latter's great campaign. As well say that Meade's victory at Gettysburg was Halleck's, because the orders that posted Meade there came from the then ranking officer at Washington. And because Nelson in one of his greatest fights simply commanded a division of the fleet of another admiral, did the other admiral claim the credit for the victory? Far from it. He was too great a man himself to deprive Nelson of his due. There was nothing of the Sampson about him.

To return a moment to Mr. Niblack, who defends Admiral Sampson from one of the strictures of The Bystander in this wise: "The warrant officer, (Continued on page 11.)

COMMERCIAL

"The feeling among financial men on the coast is that the plantations in the Hawaiian Islands are paying out too large dividends."

Broker George Thielan, who returned Friday on the S. S. Korea from a business trip to San Francisco, says that the above statement expresses the attitude of the moneyed men of California toward Hawaiian securities.

"They believe," he continued, "that the plantations should build up reserves to meet any contingencies that may arise, such as short crops, labor troubles, lack of laborers, etc. They believe the method of paying out dividends should be steadier, so that month by month, a dividend, even though small, could be assured, rather than have big dividends for a few months, and then having them cut off for indefinite periods. That method disgusts them. The coast financiers deplore such a policy. Fluctuations in quotations can naturally be expected in agricultural pursuits, such as sugar development, and therefore the plantations should be prepared with reserves to meet them.

"The financial people there cannot understand, any more than we down here, why the sugar price should drop, in view of the statistics of world's supply given by Willett & Gray. They have come to the conclusion that it is a job manipulated by the Trust."

WHERE DO THE DIVIDENDS GO?

A prominent architect was asked yesterday what was doing in his line of business. For answer the architect shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"We are doing nothing now, practically," he replied. "There is some building going on, of course, but it is small. Nothing big. There is a proposal on the tapis for new buildings at Oahu College, but we architects have not been called in yet.

"Look at the streets. Aren't they deserted? What's the matter with the town?"

The reporter looked up and down Fort street, and then along Merchant street both ways. He could see few people, and that was probably what the architect was calling his attention to.

"The people don't seem to have any money," he continued. "And yet the plantations seem to be paying good, big dividends. If that is so, where do the dividends go? It goes into the pockets of the big fellows, the wealthy ones. I'm afraid the small fry have been squeezed out of their holdings and are paying the assessments. There is lots of money around, but people are paying up their debts and eventually it goes into the pockets of the big fellows, as I said before."

And yet, reference to the real estate exchanges shows considerable activity. However, many of these exchanges are by mortgage. The daily lists show that a large amount of money is being raised by mortgaging fine property. New buildings are being erected with money that is obtained by mortgaging the land on which the homes are going up.

On the other hand, merchants say trade is fairly good. Collections are not as good as they might be.

SMALL TALKS

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

"And now," mused the Capitol Sage, "George is coming back, with the whole strenuousness of the national Administration behind him, and Jack will be next, and all us fellows up here will be certain of our jobs for one while. I wonder what the next turn will be? Maybe Henry E. Cooper will put his light back under the bushel, and even Alex. himself will think things. One thing is almighty cocksure. After that luncheon at Oyster Bay, the National committeeman will have even less to say in national affairs than he ever did—and it never was much. As for Kuhio—well, Kuhio is more calculated to shine in a thinking part. Lucky for him, too. Because this is a juncture that calls for language, and if a man is not gifted he would better let it alone."

"Well, well," whispered Governor Carter, still Governor, at the far end of a grapevine cable. "I do not know whether it is better to be right than to be President. It is best, really, to be both. But it is an almighty good thing to be President."

So, still the Governor is it,

While Jack is holding down the lid;

And Henry Cooper waits a bit,

And sighs that his light is not hid.

Alas, the boom that gaily sailed,

Upon a sparkling sea of fizz!

Alas, the plans that all have failed!

They're burst, collapsed, gone up. G-e-e, whizz!

"You observe that my hunch has panned out, do you not?" asked Acting Governor Atkinson, on the day that the announcement came sizzling over the wires that the Governor had resolved not to resign, after all. "Oh, no; I am not a kahuna. I am not in the hunch business, either, nor am I a political prophet. These things are merely sporadic, so to say. But, when I do have them, they go."

"The question that is stirring up the legal mind now," remarked one of the attaches of Judge Lindsay's court, "is whether Attorney Magoon will find a pot of gold in that 'Country Beyond the Rainbow,' which Attorney Kinney has so generously released to him, or whether it will only be a bucket of stardust?"

THE SARCASM OF FATE.

Now, here is fate's sarcasm: The Havanese

'Gainst New Orleans declare the quarantine.

We soaped and washed them well; and, if you please,

They e'en would hold our commerce from the seas—

Insisting that ourselves must first be clean.

Oh, very well! If we have Yellow Jack,

And if that plague's inclined o'er seas to roam,

We'll hold our ships. We'll even call them back.

And, while they're off upon another tack,

We'll do our next house-cleaning right at home.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God, all right," sighed Dick Trent,

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EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

At birth you may expect to live forty-four years.
At five years of age you may expect to live fifty-nine years more.
At ten years of age you may expect to live forty-nine years more.
At fifteen you may expect to live forty-four years more.
At twenty you may expect to live forty years more.
At twenty-five you may expect to live thirty-six years more.
At thirty you may expect to live thirty-two years more.
At thirty-five you may expect to live twenty-nine years more.
At forty you may expect to live twenty-five years more.
At forty-five you may expect to live twenty-two years more.
At fifty you may expect to live nineteen years more.
At fifty-five you may expect to live seventeen years more.
At sixty you may expect to live thirteen years more.
At sixty-five you may expect to live ten years more.
At seventy you may expect to live eight years more.
At seventy-five you may expect to live six years more.
At eighty you may expect to live four and a half years more.
At eighty-five you may expect to live three and a half years more.
At ninety you may expect to live two and a half years more.
At ninety-five you may expect to live less than two years more.
At one hundred you may expect to live one year more.
These, of course, represent the average case. Your own personal expectation may be better, or not so good.